

SATURDAY GAZETTE, APRIL 11.

For the Saturday Gazette.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

ROME, ITALY, March 10, 1874.

MR. LYON.—
DEAR SIR: We are just getting over the effects of the Carnival or a ten days' spree.

It commenced on the 7th of February, and ended on the 17th. For ten days Rome had a holiday and nothing to do but to throw "confetti" and bonbons. The Carnival opened at noon on the 7th, by the arrival of the Mythological Majesty Saturn, at the Ponte Molle, one of the most ancient bridges. He came down the Tiber accompanied by a numerous suite in ancient dress.

Amidst the playing of music and other festive scenes he landed, and was received by the ambassadors of Pasquino II., the God of the Carnival, who conducted him with his suite, in ancient chariots drawn by oxen to the city, where he was met by Pasquino himself in one of the largest squares of the city.

Here a treaty was made between these two august personages, and the Carnival was declared open. From that moment "confetti," a sort of lime and flour substance, was thrown by all and at all for eight days, two days of the ten being reserved for flowers and bonbons. Many a man who ventured on the scene of action in a silk hat and broad coat was soon a sadder and wiser man.

For instance, one day I saw a fellow, evidently not from these parts, venture on the Corso, with a silk umbrella in hand and all dressed to kill; he looked around at the balconies on each side as if he had come to see and not to be seen, but unfortunately he was mistaken, for he had not looked twice when a shower of "confetti" knocked the glass out of his eye, and blenched his person as white as the driven snow. He tried to put up his umbrella, but other difficulties met him here; the rabble had spied an object for mutilation, and in less than two minutes he was surrounded by a crowd of masked figures, some pulling his whiskers, others sticking pins into him, and others blowing dust into his nostrils and eyes. He finally got the precious umbrella open, and was making his way out of misery as fast as his two legs could carry him, when—O! most unmerciful fate! a passing driver drove the butt of his whip through the top of the fine silk umbrella, and I knew him no more as he was like the rest of us, and could enjoy the Carnival without further disturbance.

This is only one of the many curious features of the Carnival; there were street shows without end, curious costumes, etc., etc.

There are many legends and stories told concerning the church which takes a pretty large amount of credulity to believe.

At one of the smaller churches outside the city, a large slab is shown with the impress of a man's feet, which the priest in attendance tells you is the mark of the Saviour's feet.

According to the church tradition St. Peter was met by the Saviour when escaping from Rome who told him to return and face the danger, and on the stone that the Saviour stood he left the impress of his feet.

The marks of a chisel are too plainly visible on this block of white marble, which certainly was not used for road paving at the time of St. Peter's visit to Rome.

This is only one of many such impositions for instance in a prison here, a den in the solid rock is shown of a quarter of an inch deep, which is said to be the impression of St. Peter's head made by an accidental bump which he gave his head—or the wall!

There is another story of about the same stamp, which a person can believe or not as he likes.

On the same spot where St. Paul was executed a church has been built to commemorate the place and event; in this church are three fountains which are said to have sprung up where the severed head struck the earth after decapitation.

In proof of this story they make out that the water of the first of these fountains is still warm, the next tepid and the last cool.

I believe that letters are supposed to come to an end sometime, so I might as well stop short.

realization of an expectation, yet there are sights and curious things without number that one never knows without living in Rome.

Only yesterday a friend said, "Have you seen the Capuchin convent?" I confessed that I had not, as we had a little spare time we started off. We looked at the church which contained a few fine paintings, and like the greater part of it was designed or planned or something else, by Michael Angelo. When we were asked by our guide, one of the monks of the Capuchin order, if we would like to see the cemetery, we of course "liked," and so he conducted us through the cloisters of the convent (and down stairs to a sort of cellar, where we found the most curious cemetery that was ever invented, and I must say that I thought the fellow had stolen some Yankee's patent, for I could not believe that it was the invention of an Italian, it was so cleverly done.

It consisted of a suite of four rooms, containing the bones of all the monks that ever died here. These bones are fixed in the most fantastic manner imaginable; all the parts of a skeleton are separated, the skull in one place, the shin bones in another, spinal columns in another, and so on in the most systematic order possible.

There were some baskets and a few ornaments around the place which were entirely composed of bones.

I suppose that some of the friars were blessed with more members than the others, so that they could use them to manufacture ornaments for their abode.

I asked the monk if he expected to rest his weary bones there with his brethren; he smiled, and grinned, and scraped and bowed, and "hoped to be able to have that pleasure." We tried to swallow that, but it was no go; so we left before our digestion was completely spoiled.

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Yours very sincerely,
ALBERT D. WARREN.

P.S.—We do not receive our GAZETTES regularly, and those we do get we have to pay 10 cents for postage as they are not fully prepaid. Will you please charge our address from Florence to the care of Brown, Shipley & Co., London.

Yours, D. S. W.

For Saturday Gazette.

THE TEACHERS' INSTITUTE.

The late Convention of Teachers, which honored Bloomfield and which Bloomfield delighted to honor, deserves more than a passing notice, or a formal report. The interest both on the part of the members and of the people, steadily increased from the beginning to the end. The topics discussed, the class exercises, the objects held in view, the beneficial effects upon our schools, the relative merits of prominent members—became subjects of general conversation before the close of the Institute. Many teachers who came up were filled with the labors of a protracted Winter Term, and withal somewhat fatigued under the pressure of "compulsory attendance," soon forgot their miseries, and entered heart and soul into the spirit of the occasion. The favorable weather, the natural beauty of the place, the splendid building in which they met, the commodious rooms, the perfect appointments, all contributed to enhance the pleasure of the members. But more than these, the unrewarded exertions of the County Superintendent and of the School officers of Bloomfield, from the generous trustees and gentlemanly Principals to their attentive assistants, together with the unbounded hospitality of the citizens themselves, beginning with the most supportable, still there are two parties, one working against the other. This is nothing I like better to do than go into one of the suppressed monasteries and quiz one of the old monks who has been allowed to stay on account of his gray hairs.

If a slogan ever were that old monk will when you praise Victor Emanuel; I always think that these fellows do not throw much credit on the church; of course different people have different ideas of morality; but I don't believe that there are many who will sanction a *clergymen* using "bad words." In the second class we find old Rome itself, its monuments, its curiosities, and its legends. Everybody knows by heart the monuments of Rome, long before they see them. There are very few who do not know the dome of St. Peter's, the Coliseum, the Forum, and many of the minor objects of this queer old city as well as they know their alphabet. Seeing Rome is finally seeing that which is new and unexpected, but the

CRANE—At Montral, April 7th, of scarlet fever, George Babton, youngest son of James and Elizabeth Crane, aged 11 months and 32 days.

Also: April 9th, Augustus Mornington Crane, another son of these afflicited parents, aged 10 years and one month.

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Feb. 22-1

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FULLERTON AVE., MONTCLAIR, N. J.

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W. C. BEATTY, BLOOMFIELD AVENUE.

FOR SALE—170 feet of two rows of Gas Pipe Fence, with posts and railing, complete. Enquiry of W. C. BEATTY.

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